

Bacon (L.)

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

A

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN

FIRST CHURCH IN NEW HAVEN,

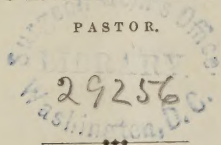
AT THE INTERMENT OF

JONATHAN KNIGHT, M. D.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN YALE COLLEGE,

BY

LEONARD BACON,
PASTOR.



PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NEW HAVEN:

PRINTED BY THOMAS J. STAFFORD, 235 STATE STREET,

1864.

DISCOURSE.

AMONG the associates of Paul the Apostle whom he mentions in his epistles, one is distinguished by him as "the beloved physician."* Two books of the New Testament were written by that beloved physician; and incidentally they bring us, as it were, into some direct acquaintance with him. While they seem to betray, in some passages, the profession of their author,† they bear, in some other respects, the impress of his character. He was a man of great simplicity and modesty, for though he has occasion sometimes to speak of himself—as in the preface to each of his two books,‡ and in those passages in which it comes out incidentally that he was with the Apostle as a fellow traveler§—it is always done with a beautiful unconsciousness, as if he were not thinking of himself at all. He was a man of taste and literary culture—more than any other writer of the New Testament, not excepting his associate and leader; and to the attentive eye the simple narrative

* Col. iv., 14. † Acts xii., 23; xxviii., 8. ‡ Luke i., 1-4; Acts i., 1.

§ Acts xvi., 10-17; xx., 5, 6, 13-15; xxi., 1-8, 15-18; xxvii., 1-8; xxviii., 2-7, 10-16.

from his pen, with its delicate but vivid coloring, glows like a picture. The unaffected courtesy of manner in his dedication, first of his Gospel, and then of the Acts of the Apostles, to the "most excellent Theophilus," is significant of his character. Now and then we see gleaming through the narrative, a flash of the gentle humor* which is ordinarily associated with habitual cheerfulness and with all the elements of character which make a man beloved among those who know him. His Christian integrity and stability, and the firmness of his trust in the gospel of salvation—not less than his fidelity in friendship—are strikingly testified when the aged apostle, writing his last letter from his prison, says, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and hath gone to Thessalonica—Crescens to Galatia—Titus to Dalmatia—Luke only is with me."† We can easily understand how dear such a friend must have been to that Apostle with whom he kept company in journeys, in labors, in perils, in imprisonment—sometimes ministering to his relief in pain when the "thorn in the flesh"‡ was hard to bear; and how natural it was to speak of him as "the beloved physician."

This is what Luke seems to have been, whom the mythology of Romanism honors as the patron-saint of the medical profession. If now we suppose these traits of personal character to be combined with a thorough

* Acts xii., 18; xvii., 21; xix., 13-16; xxiv., 2-8. † II. Tim., iv., 10, 11.

‡ II. Cor., xii., 7. See the ingenious explanation in Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

knowledge of that wonderful structure, the human organism, body and mind, of diseases in their symptoms and their causes, and of the remedies which God has provided for the relief of pain or the restoration of health, we have the ideal of a Christian physician.

No man is a physician by nature, for the knowledge essential to the art of healing is never intuitive. Such knowledge must be acquired by scientific induction, accumulating its results from age to age, and must be combined with that kind of skill which comes only from personal observation and practice in the treatment of diseases. Such knowledge and such experience cannot be universally diffused. In that division of labor which is the essence of civilization, and which, by the distribution of functions and employments, constitutes so close a mutual dependence among the members of a civilized community, some men, properly qualified by natural gifts, by general culture, and by moral principles and habits, must acquire this knowledge and skill in order to use it for the benefit of others. Thus the medical profession is a necessity in human society, and is worthy to be held in high esteem and honor for its work's sake. It ministers to a universal want. Human life in all its stages, from its commencement to its dissolution, is liable to disease, and is beset with perilous accidents. The richest and the poorest, alike, need the aid of that medical science and skill which only a few can acquire, and which the few must acquire for the benefit of the many. Who is there that can afford to declare his independence of the medi-

cal profession? Who, that cannot afford to employ a natural blacksmith, instead of one who by a regular apprenticeship has learned the nature of hot iron and the use of tools, can afford to entrust his life and health, or the lives and health of his family, to a natural physician or surgeon, an ignorant pretender, or an audacious charlatan? No man, "when pain and sickness wring the brow," can afford to despise that knowledge of diseases and of remedies which the medical profession has accumulated in the two thousand years since Hippocrates made the first essay toward a rational theory of the healing art, and which it is now accumulating more rapidly than ever.

Thus it is that the physician, wherever his intelligence and skill are recognized, is held in honor. Even among savages, if they know what his profession is, he is more honored than a king. Knowing only that he knows, better than they, how to relieve pain and to overcome disease, they look upon him with a superstitious awe and trust. And when, in the progress of intelligence, that superstition dies away, and the physician, instead of being classed with dealers in magical arts, is recognized as acting in conformity with a better knowledge of the laws of nature, the sense of dependence on his aid, and the confidence in his knowledge and skill, are not the less real for being more intelligent.

How large, then, is the influence which naturally belongs to the medical profession! The members of that profession are the special depositaries of a science, or

rather of a circle of sciences, essential to human welfare, and through them the benefits of that knowledge are brought within the reach of all. As a body of learned men coordinate with other learned professions, bearing a part in the general progress of human knowledge, and especially learned in their own department—as present in every community to perform their beneficent ministry—as coming into contact, habitually, with all sorts and orders of people—as the recognized guardians of the public health, and the natural leaders and guides in all those undertakings of charity or of public spirit, for the relief of disease, which are so characteristic of a Christian civilization—they cannot but be invested with a peculiar and far-reaching influence over the habits of thought and feeling in the community at large.

So great an influence can never be neutral as relates to moral interests and the religious welfare of mankind. In the miraculous introduction and inauguration of the kingdom of God among men, the preaching of the gospel of the kingdom was accompanied with manifestations of divine power in the healing of diseases. Not only did He “in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,” exhibit and attest the glory of his mission by putting forth his power to open the eyes of the blind, to unseal deaf ears, to raise the sufferer from the restless and burning couch of fever, to restore the flesh and bones that were decaying and dropping off with leprosy, to invigorate with renewed vitality the nerves which palsy had loosened, to kindle into glowing life

the pallid features on which death had set its seal—not only did he make works like these the signs and illustrations of his greater work of healing in the soul; but when he sent forth his apostles to proclaim his gospel, he gave them power also to heal the sick. Nor was that power given to apostles only. “Gifts of healing” are expressly named among those miraculous endowments which, in the primitive churches, indicated Christ’s special and supernatural presence with his people. Is there not in this a meaning which we sometimes overlook? By those miraculous cures in his personal ministry, Christ put himself into communication with thousands, who, otherwise, might never have listened to him, and in whom no other works of power could have awakened equal sensibility to the beauty of his life and to the authority with which he spake. That power to heal the sick, with which he invested his apostles, was more than a simple attestation; it was also a moral power, a power to command attention, to conciliate respect, and to touch the tenderest sensibilities. Those “gifts of healing” in the primitive churches—whether simply miraculous, as doubtless they sometimes were, or the result of professional knowledge and experience, appropriated to the uses of the new life, and sanctified and guided by the Spirit of God—gave to Christianity an augmented moral power. And is there not in all this a lesson concerning the alliance which ought to exist perpetually in a Christian land between the medical profession and the cause and work of Christ? Ought not the gift of healing,

however it may have been received from the Giver of all good—ought not the moral power attendant on medical knowledge and skill to be employed always in the service of Christ and of the great moral and spiritual interests which are represented by that high and holy name?

This thought becomes more serious as we remember the confidential relations of the medical profession to individuals and to families. Wherever the physician meets his patient, and whatever the malady for which he is to prescribe, his relation to those who seek his aid is that of an adviser. In the necessity of the case they must give him their confidence. Not only must they believe in his professional ability and integrity, but they must put the case into his hands by telling him all that he needs to know; or he can do nothing for them. What power is there in such a relation on his part! What opportunities of influencing thought, opinion, feeling, conduct! How often may character and destiny be determined by a word from his lips! Into how many families does he enter in this confidential relation! How many are the personal or household secrets that come inevitably into his possession! We have sometimes heard it said that every house has a skeleton hidden in some closet. In whatever house there may be such a secret—though the nearest neighbors may not know it—though even the pastor who comes to the family with religious counsel and comfort may not know it—how rarely can that “skeleton in the closet” be concealed

from the family physician ! Surely that gift of healing which introduces him into such relations to so many individuals and to so many households, carries with it a great responsibility for moral and spiritual interests.

Nor can we fail to remember how intimately the members of the medical profession are associated with our dearest and most sacred experiences—not with pain only and grief and death, but with sad anxieties, with trembling hopes, with pure and thankful joy. When some loved one is suffering with perilous disease, and it is felt that the crisis is at hand, the true and kind physician is as God's angel. You have waited for his coming. You have watched, holding your breath, as it were, while he felt the fluttering pulse and with keen eye explored the symptoms. You have caught the light of hope from the expression of his countenance. His words of encouragement, frankly spoken, have cheered you when you were ready to despair; or his lips have sadly and gently told you that the sufferer must die. You think kindly and gratefully of him when you think of the loved one whose life was saved by God's blessing on his skill, and tender recollections of his sympathy and his unsuccessful endeavors mingle with the memory of the loved and lost. The profession which brings its members into such relations with the families of rich and poor, is hardly second even to the professional ministry of the gospel in the power of moral and spiritual beneficence with which it is invested.

Happy is that community in which the medical profession, learned, wise, skillful and faithful, uses effectually and aright its legitimate power of moral and spiritual beneficence, and in which the gifts of healing, devoutly recognized as coming from God, are devoutly employed in the service of God. Sometimes we see the fatal influence of an unprincipled and godless physician. Sometimes we see a parish overgrown with infidel opinions and vicious habits, and steadily lapsing toward heathenism. Perhaps they had there, once, a false and treacherous minister of Christ, whose ministry scattered the seed from which this deadly fruit has grown. Perhaps the mischief may be traced to the influence of an unworthy physician, who poisoned the minds of young men with loose and atheistic notions of morality—who carried into the families which he visited the infection of his own profaneness, scoffing at all holy things—whose groveling and vicious tastes were diffused and propagated through all the circle of his influence—and whose memory shall rot. Happy is that community in which the medical profession has been, and is, what it has been in this city through successive generations.

In the succession of eminent and beloved physicians, whose memory is cherished among the citizens of New Haven with traditionary love and honor, no name stands higher than that of JONATHAN KNIGHT. No memory, in the medical profession, will be more illustrious than his. Rarely has any man more completely answered to the ideal of “the beloved physician.” This concourse

testifies how truly his unaffected nobleness was honored. These tears, and the grief that shades so many countenances, testify how much he was beloved.

Nature did much for him. Endowed with a clear, active, sagacious and well-balanced mind, he had nothing of that eccentricity which comes from the disproportionate force of some one faculty overtopping the others, and which is often mistaken for genius. His native qualities of mind and heart were the basis on which was erected the beautiful strength and symmetry of his manhood and the venerable dignity of his old age. The remarkable beauty and stateliness of his person was the fit expression of his native genius and disposition.

He was favored in the circumstances of his childhood. Born seventy-five years ago, the first-born of his parents, in what was then a quiet village far removed from city influences, he had from infancy the benefit of a Christian training after the old New England fashion. The Bible, the Catechism, and the Psalm-book—the village school, the Sabbath, and the church—made their impression on his susceptible nature; but at home, where he was for eleven years an only child, the constant and effective influence of parental love and godliness, and of household affection and enjoyment, developed his intelligence and moral sense, restrained his childish passions, formed his tastes, and illustrated and enforced the lessons of the Gospel. His mother long survived her husband; and those who knew her in her old age, thought

they saw in her the elements of the character which was so admirable in her distinguished son.

At fifteen years of age we find him a student in the college of which he was afterwards for so long a period an illustrious ornament. Graduating at nineteen, he found employment for a while in the instruction of an academy at Norwich, which, I believe, was his father's birthplace. Two years after his graduation, he returned to college as a tutor, but he soon resigned that office, and became a student in the Medical School of Philadelphia. In 1813, when he was only twenty-four years old, he entered on the practice of medicine in this city, and at the same time began to perform the work of a professor in the medical school which was then instituted as one of the departments of Yale College.

The profession of medicine was to him an inheritance. His father, and his mother's father, were physicians. The former had served as a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, and from him he inherited the principles and spirit of that heroic age. When the Medical Society of Connecticut and the Corporation of Yale College were consulting and making arrangements for the establishment of a Medical School, his eminent promise of distinction led them to fix their choice on him, when he was only twenty-one years old, to be associated, in the work of commencing and carrying on a system of medical instruction, with Dr. Nathan Smith, whose celebrity as a practitioner and as a teacher of medicine had already filled New England, with Dr. Eli Ives, who, though still a young man, had become

distinguished both as a physician and as a botanist, with Professor Silliman, then in his illustrious prime, and now the sole survivor of them all. It was for this reason that he was permitted to resign his office as a tutor in the college, and to devote himself to preparation for the professorship to which he had been informally designated.

What he has been as a medical professor and as a medical practitioner, I need not attempt to describe. All who are here to-day know what he was, better than I can tell them; though there are few who had better opportunities of knowing him, or better reason to love and honor him, than I had. As I have already intimated, he came nearer than almost any other man whom we could name, to the complete ideal of a Christian physician. You know his great simplicity and modesty, and his unaffected yet never morbid dread of making himself conspicuous. He was a man of refined taste, and of high literary culture, with a rare mastery of the English language in conversation, in public discourse, and in written composition. His friends admired, and strangers could not but recognize in a moment, his perfect courtesy and gentlemanliness, combined with a modest and unconscious dignity of manner. These qualities, not less than his professional eminence, placed him twice in the presidency of the National Medical Association. Whatever he did was elegantly done, without any offensive exquisiteness. None ever saw him with a clouded countenance. His cheerful presence, radiant with kindness, was like sunshine in the

darkened chamber of disease. His quiet and constant self-possession, his gentle steadfastness, and his patience and forbearance toward all infirmity and unreasonableness in others, were like helping angels to him in his ministry of beneficence. Who is there that has ever heard one word of bitterness from his lips? What friend of his has ever ceased, but by his own fault, to be his friend? What poor man ever found him, as a physician, less attentive to the poor than to the rich?

But the consummate beauty of his character was his simple faith in God and in the Redeemer of men from sin. Forty-nine years ago he made a public profession of his personal confidence in Christ, and became a member of this church. He loved those great truths which he found in the Gospel, and all who saw how he lived, knew that with him religion was not a name or profession only, but a vital experience—not the “form of godliness” only, but “the power thereof.” In 1818, when he was not yet thirty years old, and had been only three years a communicant in the church, he was elected by the brotherhood one of their Standing Committee for discipline; and he remained in that office till his death.

After a most painful illness, it had become evident on the morning of Thursday last, that he was beginning to die. As he lay in great suffering, unable to speak but with difficulty, yet fully conscious that his last hour was near, I spoke to him of God’s love in Christ, and repeated the “faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” He replied with the labo-

rious effort of a dying voice, "I can look nowhere else. If this is not true, there is nothing true." Then, kneeling at his bedside in prayer, we commended him to God. As we rose, one of his grand-daughters, standing by his pillow, began to sing, with such composure as she could command, the familiar stanza,

"Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

When she paused at the end of the stanza, doubting whether to proceed, he opened his eyes, and, with an effort, said, "That is good: More distinctly;" and then the young voice went on,—

"Thou, O, Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,—
Thou art full of truth and grace."

He lingered through the hours of daylight, with frequent paroxysms of distress as nature struggled against death, but with no wandering of mind. Just before seven in the evening, he had been for some hours apparently without pain, life slowly fading from his venera-

ble form; and the question arose whether he had not ceased to be conscious. One of his daughters took his cold hand in hers, and asked that if he knew her he would give some sign of recognition. He responded by a faint pressure, just enough to show that he was not unconscious, and then the same voice which in the morning had sung the stanzas just recited, began to repeat in tremulous song a hymn which he loved and of which every word was familiar to his memory:

“ On Jordan’s rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

“ Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!”

But before the second stanza was completed, he had quietly ceased to breathe, and his mortal life had “lapsed in immortality.”

REMARKS,

COMMEMORATIVE OF

PROFESSOR KNIGHT,

ADDRESSED TO

The Students of Medicine in Yale College,

September 19, 1864,

BY FRANCIS BACON, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY.

R E M A R K S.

IN his lecture introductory to the course on Surgery, Professor Bacon said :

* * * * *

I know that your thoughts will at once, with mine, revert with sadness and regret to the venerable and beloved teacher who was my predecessor in this chair of Surgery, who, for half a century, was a chief ornament and support of this seat of learning, and to whose admirable lectures it has been the privilege of many of you to listen.

It is but a few days since that

“ Good gray head which all men knew,”

passed from our sight, and still we turn with the instinct of habit, to greet that reverend form which so long was a landmark in our community, and feel the sense of loss as yet fresh and unblunted by time.

Although Professor Knight had outlived the ordinary allotment of human life, and “ came to his grave at a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season,” yet, active and beneficent to the last, his death has brought sorrow into many a chamber of suffering where his serene presence was wont to dispel fear, to diffuse confidence and to win affectionate gratitude ; and has created a void in these halls of instruction which both you and I must feel as one not easily filled.

More than any other scientific lecturer whom I know, Professor Knight was accustomed to win the respect, confidence and admiration of his successive classes. His conceptions of every subject which he treated, were clear and thorough. They were expressed in language whose directness, terseness, and elegant simplicity

was a type of his own character, and whose remarkable fluency was a natural gift developed by long culture. A correct literary taste and sincere devotion to his subject restrained all diffuseness and redundancy; while a natural and unaffected modesty forbade all attempts at mere display, and—sometimes almost more than his listeners could have wished—kept his personal opinions and experiences in the background.

To one knowing his fine aptitude for profound and sustained philosophical thought and research, it was matter of admiration how strictly he shunned all allurements toward abstract disquisition, and, in his intercourse with his pupils, confined himself to such thoroughly practical matters as their immediate need demanded.

His well trained and retentive memory, and great readiness of expression, rendered him almost independent of the aid of written notes, and he rarely committed any of his lectures to writing. His printed treatises, unfortunately for the literature of our profession, are very few; and we are left to regret that there should be scarcely any more enduring monument of his literary excellence than the recollections of his pupils. They are scattered throughout our country by thousands in all the higher walks of life, and frequently it has happened to me, in the remotest parts of the Union, to hear, not members of the medical profession alone, but others, whose studies and pursuits constitute them abler critics, refer to the lectures of Professor Knight as models of composition and delivery.

He had that rare quality, a just appreciation of his own powers. His handling of any work that he took upon himself conveyed to all beholders the impression of ease and adequacy, which, together with his tact and readiness for emergencies, seemed to make it impossible that he should fall into a false or embarrassing position. His acknowledged standing at the head of the surgeons of this State, often brought him into the witness-box of courts of justice as an expert—a position among the most trying of all in which a medical man is liable to be placed, and in which even those justly eminent among us have frequently failed to do credit to themselves or to their profession. But by no artifice of cross-examination could Professor Knight be thrown from his mental equipoise, or inveigled into stating an opinion as a fact, or accepting crude hypothesis as the well grounded result of

experiment; nor could any perversity distort the truth of his clear and guarded statements, while the most audacious and unscrupulous of barristers respected his gentle dignity.

As a surgeon, Dr. Knight was distinguished for his undivided devotion to the welfare of his patients, never, in an overweening zeal for research and experiment, forgetting that most wise and Christian sentiment of a heathen physician, "*Summum bonum medicina sanitas*," and feeling that a certain sacredness attached to human suffering and to his ministrations to his patients.

Several years since, I chanced one day to enter the operating theatre of a hospital in a northern city, crowded, to my surprise, by a somewhat turbulent gathering of evidently unprofessional spectators, called together there, as I afterwards ascertained, by invitation through the newspapers, which had announced that certain surgical operations, of a severe and unusual character, were to be performed by an eminent surgeon, and had ingenuously added that a good opportunity was offered for those unaccustomed to such "spectacles," to "test the strength of their nerves." The operations were performed, skillfully and deftly enough,—the name of the surgeon was guarantee of that; and as, with a graceful wave, he laid aside the bloody knife, he was favored with a burst of such applause as soothes the ears of a popular actor appearing before the scenes of other theatres than those consecrated to science and humanity. And it seemed to me, as I looked around the room, that its seats were crowded by the same low instinct for blood, not yet wholly subdued by the progress of Christian civilization, that in other days thronged the Roman amphitheatres at the gladiatorial shows. In my disgust at this unseemly exhibition, I remembered how Dr. Knight once treated a similar concourse, which he found awaiting his arrival in the operating room of the State Hospital in this city. Asking the cause of the unwonted gathering, he found that an unauthorized announcement of the operation which he proposed to perform had been made to the public. That operation was one which might be postponed without detriment to the subject of it. The patient was accordingly remanded to his ward, and the assembly was left, with unsatisfied curiosity, to disperse at its own convenience. The next day Dr. Knight returned, and quietly performed the operation in the presence of a few professional spectators.

It was easy for one who held the highest honors that his own

profession could bestow, to disregard the ignorant applause of the multitude, and to condemn the cheap celebrity of newspaper paragraphs; and the aversion, arising from his native modesty and good taste, that Dr. Knight felt to every species of claptrap and advertisement *ad captandum vulgus*, was thorough enough to satisfy the most rigid stickler for professional etiquette.

Obedying the dictates of a healthy and sensitive conscience, and following the suggestions of a refined taste, he was not careful to conciliate popular opinion, or to nurse a reputation like some puny exotic; believing that

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

Great and merited confidence was placed by the profession and by the public in Dr. Knight's powers of diagnosis. His long years of extensive practice were years of careful observation and study as well, and gave to his opinions something of an oracular authority. In his practice he was especially remarkable for a wise and steady conservatism, which was perhaps never startled into an unnecessary or untimely procedure. His was the wisdom always to know what should *not* be done; his the religious caution to lay only hands of healing upon the body—the sacred ark of man's life. To him the difficult and "brilliant" surgical operation was of small merit, if it did not heal the patient, or if it mutilated what might have been spared. As an operator he was wholly clear of that itching for "elegance," "brilliancy," and display which sometimes makes us fear that personal vanity and a lust of popularity rise in the surgeon's mind above simple devotion to his art and his patient. It is enough to say that Dr. Knight's operations, comprising almost every one known to modern surgery, were well considered, were guided by thorough anatomical knowledge, and that, without special dexterity or nimbleness of manipulation, they were carefully and successfully performed. How well do I recall his appearance as he stood prepared for some capital operation! Long years of familiarity with wounds and suffering, had not dulled compassion nor blunted sensibility. The slight change

of color as he grasped the knife—the gentle compression of the lips—the instinctive gathering and tension of the muscles—the quickened glow of the eye—his whole demeanor showed that no man, more than he, felt “that death everywhere surrounded his knife,” nor more endeavored “to convey all his knowledge to its point.”

Rich in the saving common sense, and quick with the tact, of one whose life is given to use and duty,—more familiar than most with the achievements of the early surgeons, and reverencing the grand old masters of the art, he was sometimes slow to yield the credit of originality or usefulness to a supposed discovery, or to give in adhesion to a newly hatched pseudo-science; but no man watched more earnestly, or acknowledged more freely than he, the steps of real progress in the science and art of healing. The clearness of his perceptions and exquisite orderliness of his mind, made him quick to detect a fallacy; his perfect integrity was intolerant of imposture; but remembering that one fungous growth must inevitably succeed another in the fertile soil of popular credulity, he spent little time or strength in the attempt to explode delusions which might have a substantial seeming for the moment, but must soon disappear like exhalations of a marsh. Such phantasms as these, which have sometimes provoked good men to labors of refutation or objurgation, could only gain from him a passing rebuke, half contemptuous, half humorous, and full of a penetrating practical shrewdness.

In his latest years, and while, in obedience to the admonitions of failing strength, he was decently laying aside one care after another, to fit himself for the final relinquishment of earthly affairs, he still retained his interest in the labors and his sympathy with the enthusiasm of youth. His latest pupils witnessed no abatement of his power and vivacity as a lecturer, and his recently appointed successor was relying mainly upon the aid, which he had cheerfully promised, for the present course of lectures.

And so, through a long, peaceful and honorable life of usefulness and beneficence,

“Growing not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity;”

gathering and folding about himself, year after year, throughout a great community, all that

"Which should accompany old age—
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

with children's children growing to maturity beneath his roof-tree, he slowly ripened into a serene autumn of life, and when, at last, death came, it found him far more ready to depart than were his friends and the community to part with him.

In these weary and troublous days that have befallen us, when the foundations of our society are shaken, when new and splendid names call us from day to day like notes of a trumpet, the contemplation of such a life, so perfect in its kind, so rounded into completeness, brings a sense of rest and reassurance.

The same mother State who bends with mournful pride over the recent graves of her Lyon, her Foote, her Sedgwick, will cherish the memory of Jonathan Knight as a ripe result of that ancient peace, to restore which, and o perpetuate its glories, she offers her best blood and her mightiest energies.

Kind friend, skillful healer of men, wise and eloquent teacher, though thy voice may never more be heard within these halls, yet here thy name and memory shall ever remain sacred!

* * * * *

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the New Haven Medical Association, held August 26th, at the house of Dr. N. B. Ives, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Dr. JONATHAN KNIGHT, a member of this Association for over fifty years, has been removed by death—

Resolved, That the medical profession has lost in this bereavement one of its great men—one who was preëminent as a practitioner, especially in the department of surgery, in the acuteness, accuracy and breadth of his observations, and in the judiciousness of his practice; who, as a counselor in cases of difficulty, held a position seldom attained by any one; and who, as an instructor of over half a century, by his luminous, impressive and honest teaching, moulded to no small extent the character of the medical profession in this country.

Resolved, That while we thus pay our tribute to the extraordinary talents and attainments of Dr. Knight, we would place far above these, in our estimate of him, those moral and religious qualities of his character which so enthroned him in the affections of his medical brethren, made him welcome as counselor and friend, and imparted a genial radiance to his uniform influence in favor of all that is honorable and good; and we would recognize the call which his example makes to us who remain, to keep in view the noble aims that were ever before him, and to cherish the Christian faith and hope which animated and sustained him through life, and in the last trying hour.

C. W. SHEFFRY, M. D., *Clerk*.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the General Hospital Society of Connecticut, convened at the house of Dr. N. B. Ives, August 26th, on the occasion of the death of its President, the late Dr. JONATHAN KNIGHT, the following resolutions, presented by the Vice-President, Hon. W. W. Boardman, were adopted:

Resolved, That we mourn the loss of Dr. KNIGHT as of a brother—the learned, skillful surgeon and physician—the generous, warm-hearted friend—the interesting and genial companion. One of the founders of the General Hospital of Connecticut, and President thereof for twenty-two years, he was ever watchful to promote its interests and the welfare of those in its care. To the Society and its patients the loss is irreparable. In common with this whole community who well know his worth, we mourn the loss of a public spirited, high minded Christian gentleman, who, we trust, has left in some measure the impress of his beautiful character upon it, as well as a cherished remembrance of his works of beneficence and mercy.

Resolved, That this Board will attend the funeral in a body, with the usual badge of mourning.

STEPHEN G. HUBBARD, *Secretary*.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the American Mutual Life Insurance Company, held last evening, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove, by death, from the field of his labors and usefulness, Dr. JONATHAN KNIGHT, our late President and Medical Examiner, therefore—

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. KNIGHT this Company has been deprived of the services of a wise, faithful and efficient officer—the Board of the companionship of a gentleman they trusted and honored—the medical profession of one of its brightest ornaments—and the community of a Christian gentleman whose daily walk and conversation adorned society and his profession.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the family of the deceased the assurances of our sincere and deep sympathy, and trust they may find consolation in that religion which the deceased so beautifully exemplified.

Resolved, That we attend in a body the funeral of our late respected and beloved President.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented, by the Secretary of this Company, to the family of the deceased, and also published in the daily papers of this city, and entered upon the records of this Company.

Attest,

B. NOYES, *Secretary*.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council, held August 26th, 1864, the following resolution was adopted:

COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL, }
August 26th, 1864. }

WHEREAS, In the providence of God, our esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. JONATHAN KNIGHT, has been removed from his sphere of eminent usefulness, therefore—

Resolved, That the Court of Common Council, as a tribute of respect to the deceased, express their deep regret for the loss sustained by this community, and tender their sympathy to the afflicted family.

Adopted unanimously.

Attest,

DEWITT C. SPRAGUE, *City Clerk*.

KNIGHT U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, }
NEW HAVEN, Conn., August 26th, 1864. }

Special Order No. 137.

JONATHAN KNIGHT, M. D., (from whom this Hospital was named by special order of the Surgeon-General U. S. A.,) departed this life on the 25th inst.

In addition to his exalted reputation as a physican and surgeon, Dr. KNIGHT stood preëminent for urbanity of manners, genial, social qualities, and that great moral excellence which adorns the Christian gentleman. He has left behind a character worthy the emulation of his brethren in the profession.

As a tribute to his memory the Officers of this Hospital will attend his funeral in a body, and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

The flag will be displayed at half-mast until Sunday evening, the 28th inst.

P. A. JEWETT, *Surgeon U. S. V., in charge*.

Official:

JAS. P. STEARNS, *Lieut. V. R. C., Military Assistant*.